



DeWilde pinx.^t

Audinet sculp.

Mr. MOODY as COMMODORE FLIP
This lady is dispos'd of, and her inclinations
are moor'd to my affections.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library. Strand Jan^y 21 1792.

THE
FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL;

OR, THE
HUMOURS OF THE NAVY.

COMEDY.

By MR. CHARLES SHADWELL.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

Words distinguished by inverted Commas, are so used in the Representation.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXI.



Not to be printed

Not to be printed

M. MOODY as Commodore P.L.M.

This lady is disposed of and her inclinations
are more to be in affection.

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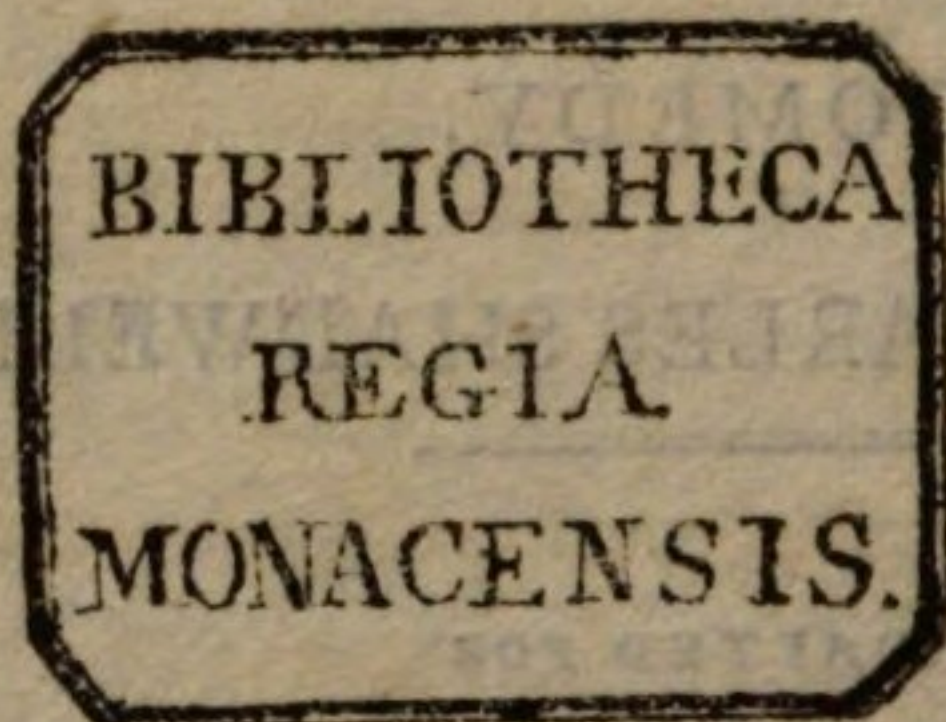
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MDCCXCI.



TO MY GENEROUS AND OBLIGING
FRIENDS
OF THE
COUNTY OF KENT.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Play was both designed and finished in your county, and therefore comes for protection to the place of its nativity. It drags not a sluggish and unwilling pace, as timorous of its reception, and the hardness of its fate; but pants for its native air, where it was brought forth with pleasure, and flies to the good treatment of your experienced hospitality.

To fix upon any particular patron from among you, would be a general offence, because so many of you have a special claim to my gratitude for your peculiar favours; and to incorporate you, by name, into one common body, would require a college of heralds to order the precedence, and a more difficult exactness to marshal my obligations. I rather choose to confess them by a general acknowledgment; and as each of you know what title you have to my thanks, I pay them in due proportion,

A ij

with the utmost cheerfulness, and with the profoundest respect.

There is a nicety, it seems, in love, and, some will have it, in friendships, which will not endure numbers in such a strictness of union. Did I presume to claim friendships as unbounded as my dedication, I would adventure to oppose that ungenerous notion; but as I only take to myself the less envied name of a client, and declare my good fortune in having met with so many singular patrons, gratitude, I hope, without cavil, may be as unlimited as favours, and favours will be as diffusive as good-nature and ability can make them.

The wonder will be, that under the happy influence of such a general kind treatment, I have not been able to produce a more strenuous and lively play. It may be, your indulgence to the parent has spoiled his offspring; for writers, they say, as well as breeders, must be under diet and prescription: mine, if it is a muse, has been under no such restraint; but has fed high, and lived well among you, and must plead her bounty in excuse of her irregularities.

Accept this Play, then, as an offering, gentlemen, and screen it as a composure. It should, indeed, have been more perfect, considering to whom, and

for what reasons, it is addressed; but it is my first effort, and therefore the first public opportunity I could take of declaring how much I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

Most thankful, and

Obedient servant,

C. S.

THE
PREFACE.

THIS Play was written about three years since, and put into the hands of a famous comedian belonging to the Haymarket Play-house, who took care to beat down the value of it so much, as to offer the author to alter it fit to appear on the stage, on condition he might have half the profits of the third day, and the dedication entire ; that is as much as to say, that it may pass for one of his, according to custom. The author not agreeing to this reasonable proposal, it lay in his hands till the beginning of this winter, when Mr. Booth read it, and liked it, and persuaded the author, that, with a little alteration, it would please the town. Indeed the success of it has been wonderful ; notwithstanding the trial in Westminster-Hall, and the rehearsal of the new opera, it has answered the ends of the poet, and, he hopes, that of the town too.

I cannot omit mentioning the extraordinary performances of Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Santlow, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Leigh, who are the only people on the English stage that could have acted those parts so much to the life.

It may be expected I should give some reasons for my scribbling, and make excuses for the irregularities of the play ; find fault with those things the town are good-natured enough to overlook ; most arrogantly stand up for time and place ; brag of the newness of the characters, &c. But I beg pardon for not shewing the conceited part of me. I am called in haste to my duty in Portugal ; but, at my return, it is probable I may be as insolent as the rest of the scribblers of the town.

THE
FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

THIS Comedy is by no means remarkable for smartness of dialogue, or keenness of observation—yet I believe the Humours of the Navy are here better reflected than in any other nautical mirror.—Though, perhaps, the pleasure such characters afford, when broadly sketched, is to be felt by few beyond themselves—The characters of Commodore FLIP and MIZEN are certainly fine contrasts, and in expression seem to warrant the remark, that they were drawn from individual nature.

Much of the roughness of the naval manner is, however, wearing off—All that remains to be wished is, that the high spirit of valour, exulting in peril unequalled through the various stations of life, may not, by the change, be lowered, and the British Navy in consequence cease to be deemed invincible.

PROLOGUE.

IN early times, when plays were first in fashion,
The bus'ness of the stage was reformation;
The well-wrought scene, for public good design'd,
With imitable virtue fill'd the mind,
And lash'd the growing follies of mankind.
That was its golden age, which, soon outworn,
Romantic love and honour took their turn.
Such windmill knights, such odd fantastic ladies,
Sprung from the brain of their poetic daddies;
Prince Prettyman and Amaryllis scarce
Could turn the lulling nonsense into farce.
Drove from those beds of dreaming indolence,
The Muse flew downwards, till she gave offence;
For as our sage inquisitors do tell us,
Her finest parts were jilts and rakish fellows;
And as corrupters of this harmless town,
We were presented, and almost put down.
How would your useless time, 'twixt five and eight,
Have dragg'd its wings, without this lov'd retreat?
What other nameless place would be so fit
For pit to ogle boxes, boxes pit?
At length, kind judges, merry be your hearts,
You're pleas'd to relish best our lowest parts;
Give you but humour, tickle but your spleen,
No matter how we furnish plot or scene.

Soon pleas'd; but that, alas! you're squeamish too;
 Your light digestion must have something new,
 Or else you'll drive away to puppet-shew.

Under these terms of grace young Bayes has writ,
 With double title to be dubb'd a wit,
 First, 'cause poeta nascitur, non fit.

From a fam'd stock our tender scyon grows,
 And may be laureat too himself, who knows?

But that his other plea may be admitted,
 You're both with new and merry humour fitted.

Come, break him in, and when he writes again,
 Perhaps he'll find a more diverting pen.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

FLIP, <i>the Commodore, a most illiterate</i>	}	Mr. Moody.
<i>Wappineer-tar, - - -</i>		
MIZEN, <i>a finical sea fop, - - -</i>		Mr. Dodd.
WORTHY, <i>a Captain of the Navy, - -</i>		Mr. Brereton.
ROVEWELL, <i>a man of fortune, -</i>		Mr. Phillimore.
SIR CHARLES PLEASANT, <i>Worthy's</i>	}	Mr. R. Palmer.
<i>Lieutenant, a man of quality, -</i>		
CRIBBIDGE, <i>Flip's Lieutenant, - -</i>		Mr. Williames.
EASY, <i>a Lieutenant of Marines, - -</i>		Mr. Barrymore.
INDENT, <i>Flip's Purser, - - -</i>		Mr. Burton.
COCKSWAIN, <i>- - - -</i>		Mr. Wrighten.
HATCHWAY, <i>- - - -</i>		Mr. Bannister.
BINNACLE, <i>- - - -</i>		Mr. Parsons.

Women.

ARABELLA ZEAL, <i>bred a churchwoman,</i>	Mrs. Wilson.
DORCAS ZEAL, <i>her sister, bred a Quaker,</i>	Miss Pope.
BELINDA, <i>a woman of fortune, - -</i>	Mrs. Ward.
JENNY PRIVATE, <i>- - - -</i>	Miss Hull.
JILTUP, <i>- - - -</i>	Mrs. Granger.
ADVOCATE, <i>Belinda's maid, - -</i>	_____
<i>Maid to Arabella, - - - -</i>	_____
<i>Bar-maid, - - - -</i>	_____

SCENE, *Deal.* Time, *five hours.*



THE
FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL;

OR, THE
HUMOURS OF THE NAVY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter WORTHY as from on board; Cockswain and Crew following.

Worthy.

So, thank Heaven, I have at last reached my native land. Cockswain, take care the water be sent on board with expedition, and bid the purser hasten to Dover for fresh provisions, and let the sick men be sent on shore the next trip. There's something for the boat's crew; go and refresh yourselves.

Cock. All your orders shall be punctually complied with.

All Sailors. Thank your noble honour. Huzza,
huzza!

[*Exeunt Cockswain and Crew,*

Enter ROVEWELL.

Wor. My dear Rovewell!

Rove. Welcome on shore, dear Worthy! How have you fared this voyage? Pr'ythee, relate me some of your adventures.

Wor. Why, faith, Rovewell, my voyage was attended with little pleasure, being generally confined to the barbarous conversation of Flip, my commodore, a most obstinate, positive, ignorant, Wappi-neer-tar: in short, he has been my eternal plague.

Rove. Why, was only you two the convoy?

Wor. Yes, to make me completely wretched, Beau Mizen was the third man; a sea-fop, of all creatures the most ridiculous.

Rove. I cann't say I am sorry for the usage you have met with; because I am in hopes the nauseous conversation of these coxcombs will make you relish my company the better.

Wor. The true sense I have of your wit and judgment will always make me covet your acquaintance; therefore I needed not the wretched preparative I have met with. But how does all our Deal angels?

Rove. Why, the few virtuous women are as proud and as insolent as they used to be, and the whores you left here about ten months since, are dead with rottenness, and young strums supply their rooms. This is a monstrous place for wickedness! Fornication flourishes more here than in any sea-port in Europe. You gentlemen of the navy are great encou-

ragers of sin, and traffic mightily in that sort of merchandise; and for your money, receive as lasting French diseases here, as any you can meet with in Covent-Garden, or the Mediterranean.

Wor. Ay, as thou observest, Rovewell, the marine race are a debauched generation. The poets will tell us, that Venus herself was born of the sea; troth, her fabulous divinity has too many real worshippers bred up upon her own salt element.

Rove. 'Tis a strange thing, that people that face death so near, and so often, should have no thoughts of saving their souls.

Wor. Being constantly in danger of them, so that they look death in the face with as much impudence as a Deal whore does a poor tar after a long voyage. But what news of my dear Quaker?

Rove. She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and, faith, I believe as constant too. You'll never leave playing the fool with that spiritual creature, till she draws you into matrimony; ten thousand pounds, with beauty and virtue, are very great temptations.

Wor. Then do you really think I have any interest in that dear creature?

Rove. Had you as much with the lords of the admiralty, you would be a great man; for she dotes on you. Could you have but seen the countenance she put on, when there was a report that you were killed; the sighs, the agonies, and the groans she had upon that occasion, were more sincere than those her religion obliges her to.

Wor. I am impatient till I see the dear charmer. But how goes thy affair on with Belinda?

Rove. Much after the manner of the French king's affairs; they have a dismal aspect; we quarrel like man and wife, or high church and low. She knows her ascendant over my heart is so rivetted, that she can't lose me; and therefore she uses me as tyrannically as if she were the French king, and I one of the Protestants.

Wor. I hope no persecution will make you leave her kingdom.

Rove. To carry on the simile, I am somewhat stubborn; but, rather than lose her money, I shall be a convert.

Wor. But see, the commodore.

Enter FLIP.

Flip. Ha, Rovewell! What cheer, what cheer, my lad?

Rove. Most noble commodore, your humble servant.

Flip. Noble! A pox of nobility, I say! the best commodores that ever went between two ends of a ship, had not a drop of nobility in them, thank Heaven.

Rove. Then you still value yourself for being a brute, and think ignorance a great qualification for a sea-captain.

Flip. I value myself for not being a coxcomb; that is what you call a gentleman captain; which is

a new name for our sea-fops, who, forsooth, must wear white linen, have field beds, lie in Holland sheets, and load their noddles with thirty ounces of whores' hair, which makes them hate the sight of an enemy, for fear bullets and gunpowder should spoil the beau wig and laced jacket. They are, indeed, pretty fellows at single rapier, and can, with a little drink in their heads, cut the throats of their best friends; but catch them yard-arm and yard-arm with a Frenchman, and down goes the colours. Oh, it was not so in the Dutch wars! then we valued ourselves upon wooden legs, and stumps of arms, and fought as if heaven and earth were coming together.

Rove. Yes, yes, you fought very gloriously, when you let the Dutch burn the fleet at Chatham.

Flip. That accident was owing to the treachery of some rogues at land, and not to us sea-faring folks.

Wor. Come, leave railing, my good commodore. I believe thou art honest and brave; but wanting sense and good manners, would fain put the world out of conceit with those accomplishments. You old captains, who sit at court-martials, are very envious; and often mulct a young fellow for actions, which were reckoned glorious ones when done by any of your stupid selves.

Flip. By the loadstone, I swear, I am none of those. I have served in every office belonging to a ship, from cook's boy to a commodore; and have all the sea jests by heart, from the forecastle to the great cabin; and I love a sailor.

Wor. Ay, so well as to get drunk with every mess in the ship once a week.

Flip. Why, that makes the rogues love me; my jocularousness with them makes them fight for me; they keep me out of a French gaol. I'll follow my old method, till I am superannuated; which I believe I sha'n't petition for these twenty years.

Wor. Since you love your common sailors so well, what reason can you have for using your lieutenant so like a dog?

Flip. Because he sets up for a fine gentleman, and lies in gloves to make his hands white. And, tho' 'tis his watch, when I ring my bell, the rogue is above coming to my cabin. I sent him ashore yesterday to the post-house, with a letter to the admiralty; I ordered him to buy me a quarter of mutton, and three-score cabbages, for my own use; and the land-lubber (for he is no sailor) had the impudence to tell me he would not be my boy. I told him I'd bring him to a court-martial, and he threatened to throw up his commission, and cut my throat.

Rove. Ha, ha! I'm glad thou hast met with a young fellow of life and vigour, that knows how to use you according to your deserts. But see who comes here so gay.

Flip. 'Tis a water-beau. One water-spaniel is worth fifty of such fair-weather fops. Do but observe him now. Oh, monstrous!

Enter MIZEN and Cockswain.

Miz. Go you to the perfumer's, buy me a gallon

of orange-flower-water, and a pint of jessamin-oil; let the muslin curtains and furbelow'd toilet be washed out of hand; carry on board a bushel of sweet powder; and tell the purser, I am resolved every man on board my ship shall have a clean white shirt at his charge. Tuesday next is my visiting-day; and I design to let the world see how much I have reformed the navy.

Flip. Ho, ho, ho! here's a fine gentleman for you!

Miz. [*Seeing the company.*] Dear Rovewell! split me on a rock, if I am not transported at the sight of you.

Flip. It would be well for the nation, if such butterflies as you were transported to some of the plantations. I wish you were my bow-man, and the wind blew strong at east, I'd spoil your beauetry.

Miz. Why, Lard, commodore, won't you give a man leave to be decent and clean? Will nothing please you, but what stinks with tar and tobacco?

Flip. Tar and tobacco are sweeter, one would think, than the excrements of a civetty-cat. But I am well assured talking to you is like rowing against wind and tide; and therefore e'en steer your compass your own way. Friend Rovewell, I don't care if you and I toss off a can of Sir Cloudesly before we sail.

Rove. Where do you lodge?

Flip. At the Three Mariners.

Miz. May my ship's anchor come home, if it be

not an arrant bawdy-house! The husband keeps a bom-boat, the wife a brandy-shop, and the two daughters are let out to all comers and goers.

Wor. Indeed, the house is very notorious. Why don't you frequent the India-Arms?

Flip. Because all the fops and beardless boys of the navy go there; besides, I think the husband too blind, and the wife has too much sight. But Tom Cragg and I were boatswain's mates together. As to its being a bawdy-house, that is no offence to me; for all houses in sea-ports have been reckoned so, ever since I pick'd oakum; I suppose, brother Finical, you don't know what that is.

Miz. Why, dear commodore, do you think, because we gentlemen put on clean shirts every day, that we can't understand the affairs of the navy as well as those who wear their shirts till they are lousy? Do you think nastiness gives you a title to knowledge?

Rove. Ay, as my friend Mizen says, because brutes are sailors, can none be sailors but brutes?

Flip. I don't know what you mean by the word brute; but I can perceive that no animal is so ridiculous as a monkey, except it be his charming imitator, a beau.

Miz. Did you never see an unlick'd bear? He, he, he!

Flip. He, he, he! Yes, I have, booby, what then?

Miz. Oh! dear monster, be civil,

Flip. Bullets and gunpowder, what do you mean? If the government did but know what a swab thou art, I should be knighted for cutting thy throat.

Rove. Oh! fye, let's have no quarrelling.

Miz. No, no, there's no fear of it; the commodore knows the length of my sword, and nimble turn of my wrist, too well to pick a quarrel with me.

Flip. Why, thou canst only value thyself for being a fencing-master: were we in a saw-pit together, with each a blunderbuss, I'd try if I could not make a sieve of thy lac'd jacket; I'd soon singe thy curls so, that thy wig should hang like a parcel of rigging after an engagement.

Wor. This has been the continual diversion of our voyage.

Flip. Ay, ay, you're all alike. A periwig-maker covers your noddles, and a dancing-master gives you a hitch in your pace, but the taylor finishes the fop. I find there's no bringing your folly to an anchor, so long as the wind blows strong in the nonsensical corner; so fare you well. [Exit Flip.

All. Your humble servant.

Rove. 'Tis a wretched fellow!

Miz. I have not words to express what a miserable plague he has been to me, besides a charge! Would you believe it? split me on a rock, if he did not one day break me forty pounds worth of china.

Rove. For Heaven's sake where was it?

Miz. Why, in my great cabin: I dare affirm it no town lady's withdrawing-room, nor country gentle-

woman's closet, is nicer furnished than my cabin; 'tis wainscoted with most charming India Japan, and looking-glass; I have a very noble scrutoire, and the most celebrated screen in Europe: I have an invention, which makes the great guns in my cabin appear to be elbow chairs covered with cloth of tissue; I have six and thirty silver sconces, and every vacancy is cramm'd with china.

Rove. These rarities are worth seeing, indeed.

Wor. Oh, he keeps a visiting day, you and I'll wait on him.

Miz. I shall think myself prodigiously obliged to you: may be you'll see as great a concourse of people as there is at a general's when he returns victorious: barges, pinnaces, deal yawls, and long-boats innumerable.

Rove. Pray who visits you in the long-boats?

Miz. Why, Dutch admirals. You must know I range them in the following order: my barges I call coaches and six, my pinnaces are chariots with two horses, my deal yawls are sedans, and my long-boats hackney-coaches.

Wor. Very nice, indeed.

Miz. All my sconces are loaded with wax tapers; my lieutenants and warrant officers, nicely dressed and perfumed, place themselves on each side of my steerage; my midshipmen and quarteers are ranged from the bulk-head to the gang-way, in my own white shirts; the ship's side is mann'd by my boat's crew, in spruce apparel and clean gloves; and the

rest of the ship's company are ready upon all occasions to give cheers and huzzas, according to the quality of my visitants.

Rove. Well, and what entertainment are we to meet with?

Miz. Why, I generally treat with tea, but the most modern way is to give nothing.

Rove. Pshaw! methinks a bowl of punch would be most proper.

Wor. Oh, beastly! we at sea always smoke when we drink, and that would spoil all the gay furniture.

Miz. Oh, wretched! and the stink would suffocate me.

Rove. What is your conversation?

Miz. We imitate the ladies as near as we can, and therefore scandalize every body: we laugh at the ridiculous management of the Navy-board; pry into the rogueries of the Victualling-office; and tell the names of those clerks who were ten years ago bare-foot, and are now twenty thousand pound men: we hear stories of the scandalous marriages of our captains; the lewdness of some of their wives, and the meanness of the rest: sometimes we quarrel about whose ship sails best, who makes the finest punch; or who has the greatest hardships, by having great mens' favourites put over their heads; and I keep them within the bounds of good manners and moderation.

Wor. That is a very great point gained.

Miz. May I be keel-hauled if any man in the uni-

verse has more reformed the navy than myself: I am now compiling a book, wherein I mend the language wonderfully. I leave out your larboard and starboard, hawsers and swabs: I have no such thing as haul cat haul, nor belay; silly words, only fit for Dutchmen to pronounce. I put fine sentences into the mouths of our sailors, derived from the manliness of the Italian, and the softness of the French: and by that time I am made an admiral, I doubt not of bringing every sailor in the navy to be more polite than most of our country gentlemen; and the next generation of them may pass very well for people of the first quality. I'll get an order for removing them from Wapping into the Pall-Mall: and instead of frequenting punch, music, and bawdy-houses; the chocolate houses, eating-houses, and fine taverns shall be obliged to receive them.

Enter to them a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Pray which is Captain Worthy?

Wor. Friend, I am he.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Wor. Ha! Dorcas Zeal! Oh, let me kiss the hand ten thousand times.

Rove. How keen a sportsman a long voyage makes a man!

Wor. [*Reads.*] "Friend Worthy, if thou hast not forgot thy old acquaintance, give but thyself the trouble of coming to the north end of the town,

where thou hast often vented thy vows of sincerity,
and thou wilt most assuredly find thine,

DORCAS ZEAL."

Hark'ee ; let the lady know I'll wait on her instantly.

[Exit Servant.

Miz. So, brother, I find you have an intrigue already ;
I suppose I sha'n't be much behind-hand with you, for
I expect a billet-doux from a ten thousand pounder.

Rove. Pr'ythee, who is she ?

Miz. Why, she's a Quaker : an intimate acquaint-
ance of mine has promised me his assistance in steal-
ing her for me.

Wor. Death and hell ! This is my angel !

Rove. Patience, man !

Miz. Now you must know, if we once get her upon
the beach, I whip her into my boat, carry her on
board, marry her, lie with her, then come ashore
and demand her fortune ; and after that, you know,
if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the ca-
bin window, and give out she had a calenture, and
so jump'd overboard. Well, dear gentlemen, I must
go and see about this business ; for such a fortune is
not to be neglected, especially when a peace is so
near. [Exit.

Wor. Blood and fire ! What a discovery's here !

Rove. Why, truly, it was a lucky one : I have a
merry thought come into my head ; there's a quon-
dam friend of yours and mine, who in our sinful days
was very obliging to us.

Wor. What, Jenny Private ?

Rove. The same.

Wor. Alas! poor frailty! that once fair pleasure-boat begins to lower her sails, wears out in her hulk, and sinks both in her price and her credit; besides, the new reformation wind blows so high, that every weather-beaten vessel can't live in't.

Rove. Now, for that very reason, a sudden charitable design is got into this fruitful noddle, of putting off this very creature to Mizen for a wife, a just punishment upon him for his barbarous designs upon thy Dorcas.

Wor. Nay, but, thanks to Heaven, we have discovered the villany, and I'll instantly to my Dorcas, and give her that due caution, as shall blow up his whole conspiracy; and therefore mix a little mercy with thy justice.

Rove. No; I'll not carry on the jest so cruelly as to undo the poor dog neither; a little mortify him, but not ruin him.

Wor. I'll instantly then to my dear Dorcas, and make her our confident in the business: about an hour hence I'll meet you at Daniel's, where we'll take a sneaker of Amy's punch; and afterwards spend our evening with the women: I'll send Dorcas to see Belinda, and there shall be the rendezvous.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DORCAS ZEAL and ARABELLA.

Ara. Why, sister, do you ever think to secure

Worthy to yourself, with that senseless religion of yours; he'll certainly laugh at your formal hood.

Dor. Why look thee, Arabella, my religion and dress may seem strange unto thee, because thou art of the church belonging to the wicked; but I tell unto thee, Worthy loveth me so much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the pure ones. 'Tis true, thou art a facetious young creature, and the education my aunt hath given thee, maketh thy thoughts run much upon the vanity of this world; and I suppose the fortune my father left thee will be thrown into the arms of one of the lewd pillars of thy steeple-house.

Ara. Look'ee, I'll have no reflections upon establishments. Liberty of conscience gives you no title to rail. I find you are resolved to persist in your whining faith; 'tis one stubborn article of your cant: but I am well assured Worthy will force you to church; if he don't, I'll part with my maidenhead without a husband.

Dor. And that thou art wild enough to do; but I pray thee, none of this vain raillery before Worthy, if thou hast any expectation of my living in sisterly love and charity with thee.

Ara. Oh, you should have snuffed that thro' the nose. In short, I'll always tease you; you that have sense and beauty, thus to deform those heavenly graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching airs, the tender looks, and compassionate words that

woman can invent, will draw Worthy's love from you, I'll use them, and triumph in the conquest.

Dor. Poor vain creature! thou art handsome it's true; but thou hast not the virtues of the mind to ensnare him with. But see, he comes; forbear thy follies, I say, forbear.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. [*Embraces.*] This is a reward for all my labours; the fatigues of an hundred voyages are forgot whilst I am in these arms.

Dor. Be not vain, flatter not; 'tis base, 'tis mean, 'tis irreligious.

Wor. Dear charmer, I am all ecstasy.

Ara. So much of it, that, methinks you have forgot your friends, good captain.

Wor. Pardon me, madam, [*Salutes her.*] some of my ecstasies are due to you; for the love I have to this lady makes me admire all her relations.

Ara. Ay, wheedle her out of what she has: get her money, then use her like a wife, turn her out of doors, and compound with her for a maintenance.

Dor. Sister, to shew thee that I think it is impossible for thee to debauch the principles of my friend Worthy, I now commit myself into his hands.

Wor. Which blessing I receive with all the joy imaginable: this is a reward indeed for all my services.

Dor. Take to thyself my hand, and thus I plight it with my faith. Now, sister, your threatening

words are vain, for all your looks and sighs can never take him from me.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha! you see, Worthy, I have done the work for you, reconciled even contradiction itself, made the flesh and the spirit unite, and joined an unsanctified brother of the wicked to a sanctified sister of the godly ones.

Dor. Fie, sister, do not triumph in my weakness.

Ara. Thy weakness! no, thy shame; with all thy boasted sanctity, to own before my face a carnal inclination! Nay, and to put thy hand to pen and paper to court him to thy arms! Out on thee! I am ashamed of thee.

Dor. Nay, now thou art scurrilous! I cannot bear this, thou raisest all the blood into my cheeks. Stay thou, dear Worthy, and rebuke her for it, whilst I retire awhile to recover my confusion, and then I'll see thee again. [Exit Dor.]

Wor. Fie, Arabella; could you have the heart to treat that innocent thing so roughly? Nay, by Heavens, I'm amazed! I cannot guess the meaning of all this.

Ara. Fie, stupid Worthy, can't you apprehend the reason why I study to make a breach betwixt my sister and yourself?

Wor. 'Tis all a mystery to me!

Ara. Spare a virgin's blushes, and let your apprehensions tell you what my trembling tongue is loth to utter.

Wor. Fine heroics, truly! I'm too well acquainted

with your manner of bantering, to take notice of any thing you say; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's last dear words wrapt up my soul to a diviner contemplation.

Ara. Must I then say I love, and be refused? Consider, my fortune's equal to my sister's; my face and my religion too, I think, may vie with hers.

Wor. Your words are spoke with a sound of truth; and were I not engaged by ten thousand oaths, I should have manlike vanity enough to think what you say real.

Ara. The inequality of the match between you soon absolves you from such empty vows: I own I long have loved; and, before your last voyage, intended to discover it to you, but you unexpectedly sailed. I never believed you had a real passion for my sister, her religion and her principles being so averse to yours.

Wor. Madam, I know my own unworthiness too well to believe you are in earnest; but were it so, my honour tells me I must not be so base as to wrong your sister. The resolution she has made will soon be void, when I tell her your romantic story, which though I don't believe, I'll strive to make her do it. Pardon my absence, dear madam, for I'm impatient until I undeceive her. *[Exit.]*

Ara. And is my youth, my beauty, and my fortune thus despised! By Heavens, I hate him now, and am resolved to muster up all the spirit of my sex to meditate revenge. The plots of plays, and the de-

signs of injured lovers, I'll instantly peruse, and make them all my own. [Exit.

Enter DORCAS, WORTHY following.

Wor. By all my honour and my love 'tis true; nay more, she loved, and said she had long.

Dor. Nay, then I am convinced her falsehood's great; I ne'er expressed a satisfaction for thee, but still she strove to cool my friendship, by strange stories of thy inconstancy and unfaithfulness, which I must own I ne'er believed.

Wor. Kind creature! since by envious ways she strives to break the cord of our united hearts, let us instantly put it out of hers and fortune's power.

Dor. To-morrow then I will be thine; according to the foolish custom of thy church the priest shall join our hands.

Wor. Then I am completely blessed!—Now I must tell you I have discovered a most villanous design against your person.

Dor. As how?

Wor. This day you were to have been stolen by a nauseous coxcomb of the navy; 'twas luckily discovered by Rovewell and myself, who hope to counterplot their design so far as to punish the vain fop's intentions: if you meet us about two hours hence at Belinda's, you then shall know the whole story.

Dor. I had thoughts of spending this evening with her; I'll to her instantly, for she is so much my friend, that she will be overjoyed thou art arrived:

but I think I will not mention the vileness of my sister, lest she becometh a laughing-stock unto the whole town.

Wor. Do as you think fit in that. Adieu, my soul.

Dor. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FLIP's Cocksain; to him a Sailor.

Sail. Oh, Cocksain, have I found you! Yonder's the Commodore swearing and storming as if the ship had struck on a rock; there's all the boat's crew with him excepting yourself; he sits with as good a bucket of flip before him as e'er was tossed up betwixt the stem and stern of a ship.

Cock. A pox of his kindness, I'd rather be in an engagement of twenty-four hours than mess with him to-night; I know his way well enough, he makes us half-seas over, and then we grow saucy; then after shipping in two or three ladles full more, we fancy we're all before the mast, and so shall go together by the ears: for which, as soon as we come on board, there's whips, pickles, guns, gears, and bilboes for us all.

Sail. Pshaw, pshaw! who would not stand all this, to have their upper and lower tier well stowed with flip? Besides, we shall each of us have a whore at his charge.

Cock. Ay, and so be clapp'd. If he would force the surgeon to cure us at the government's charge, it would be a mighty encouragement to us; but our rogue of a loblolly doctor, being not satisfied with

his two-pences, must have a note for two months pay for every cure ; and the last time the ship was paid, between the officers and the sailors, he swept above half the ship's company's money into his own hat.

Sail. That's a grievance truly ; but come, pr'ythee go, for an the commodore gets into his trantrum humours, there's no coming within a cable's length of him.

Cock. Ay, that's true, therefore bear a hand.

[*Exeunt running.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir CHARLES PLEASANT, Lieut. CRIBBIDGE, and Lieut. EASY.

Pleasant.

WHY, by your report, old Flip makes your life a very uneasy one ; thank Heaven, my captain has another way of management ; with the affable, easy, and genteel air, he gains applause from all.

Easy. I know he's a gentleman, by being civil to our corps ; 'tis only the brutes of the navy that we marine officers disagree with.

Crib. Why, I believe I shall frighten the old pimp into some civility ; for that day we came to anchor, he had some friends aboard : in the height of their mirth, I was called into the cabin ; the negro fills a glass, and hands it over his shoulder, with a Here,

lieutenant, will you drink? I made as if I would take it, but overset it in his collar, laid the fault upon him, and pretending to be wet myself, went out of the cabin in a passion.

Easy. Pho, these are small faults, and natural to you subs of the navy; but the old dog had the impudence to confine me three months to my cabin, only for knocking down a boatswain's mate that had struck one of my marines; nay, if it had not been for Captain Worthy, would have broke me at a court-martial. If the colonels of our corps don't hinder this rascally imposition upon us, nobody will buy commissions of them.

Plea. That is a new trick put upon you, gentlemen, and I fear will breed ill blood amongst us.

Easy. Hang it, we agree well enough with all the young fellows, 'tis the old sots that hate we should come aboard them.

Crib. We agree well enough upon an equal par; but most of you stay ashore 'till all the money's gone, and then you come aboard and expect to mess with us: who must find fresh provisions for you?

Plea. We often slight them for their poverty, indeed; but, hang it, what a strange want of mercury do we young fellows shew, to have been a ten months voyage, safely return'd, and landed two hours, without having been among the females! There's many a lad in the navy gets a clap before the ship's moored.

Easy. I believe my friend Cribbidge is in a better condition to give than to receive one.

Crib. I could wish a punk of my noble captain's was well peppered with it; I would fain see the old dog snuffle once.

Plea. The design's good; but first let's have a sneaker of punch.

Easy. With all my heart; I'll just go and draw a bill upon our agent, get some necessaries for the men, cheat my captain a little in the sum total, and wait upon you immediately. *[Exit.]*

[Indent crosses the stage.]

Crib. See, yonder's Indent, our purser, gone to Daniel's; he'll be glad to be of our company.

Plea. A very honest fellow, and keeps a much better character in the navy, than people of his employ generally do.

Crib. Why, the fellow has lived well; he was bred a mercer in Covent-Garden, was ruin'd by a whore of his own, and a bully of his wife's: but managed his matters so well, he cleared himself of a gaol, by a commission of bankrupt, without forswearing himself, which is the only precedent of that nature since the act was made.

Plea. They say his wife's handsome.

Crib. She was, when but eighteen; but whoring, and the misfortunes which commonly follow that, has made her look somewhat haggard, though but three and twenty.

Plea. If the young wenches of fifteen did but consider that the vices of the age ruin their beauty more

than the small-pox, their pride would make them virtuous in spite of their inclinations.

Crib. Why, as you say, Sir Charles, a virtuous woman keeps her complexion tolerably well till five and twenty, when a whore is fain to borrow one of Mr. White and Red before she comes of age.

Plea. By the sense that you and I have of the vanities of the world, it looks as if we had a mind to quit our royal mistress, and enter aboard some merchantman for a matrimonial voyage.

Crib. Why, if she's richly laden, I could be content to go chief mate.

Plea. And I suppose mutiny, as Avery did; turn your captain ashore, then set up for a pirate; and, like Drawcansir in the Rehearsal, kill both friends and foes.

Crib. A pretty simile for matrimony and whoring!

Plea. If we chime into harmony so well already, we may expect a bowl of Daniel's punch will make us talk like the music of the spheres.

Crib. Why, methinks, there's a tune in every go-down from a punch-bowl.

Plea. I wonder our coxcomby poets don't write some fine encomiums upon that heavenly compound.

Crib. Why, the fellows are damnably poor, and not having money enough to buy victuals, drink the lees of sack to take away their stomachs, which raises their fancies no higher than a lady's fan, her busk, or her lap-dog.

Plea. Faith, the poets of this age are not so poor as those of the last, they have wit enough to write themselves into good places.

Crib. That is, by wheedling a sort of people who love flattery better than wit.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, Lieutenant Easy, and Purser Indent, would be glad to kiss your hands at our house.

Plea. A polite message: tell them we'll do ourselves the honour immediately.

Draw. I shall, sir. [Exit.]

Plea. Come, Cribbidge,

Let's drink away our dismal storms and cares,

Those slavish hardships that a sailor bears:

Whilst proud Britannia may securely boast,

She safely sleeps while we secure her coast. [Exeunt.]

Enter ROVEWELL, meeting WORTHY.

Rove. So, dear Worthy, once more well met; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our design?

Wor. Part of it.

Rove. As how?

Wor. I'll tell you at Daniel's: but have you engaged Jenny?

Rove. Oh, as you could wish: the jade is as overjoyed, as a dean at the death of a bishop; and to make our story good, I have invited Mizen to the

India-Arms, where I have ordered her to write to him. Will Dorcas meet us at Belinda's?

Wor. She will.

Roye. Come on then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Bar at Daniel's, Drawers, &c. Bar-Maid. Enter Sir CHARLES PLEASANT and CRIBBIDGE.

Plea. What! does my pretty bar-maid keep her beauty still? I know thou'rt virtuous, because the blue of the plum is not wore off yet.

Bar. Thanks to my own honesty if I am so then, for here's rakish lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young virgins in the country, if they had but money; but the government keeps them poor, or we should have a wretched life with them.

Crib. Then nothing but money is able to debauch you; pr'ythee, how great a sum will fit you to lewdness?

Bar. Not your eighteen months pay, added to the pinch of your hat, and dangling of your cane.

Plea. Well said, Nanny, kiss me, and tell him you are meat for his masters.

Bar. Pshaw! I wonder at you; [Kisses her.] you are all alike for that.

Crib. Fye, Sir Charles, why did you kiss her? you

see she likes it not; come, my dear, I'll take it off again. *[Kisses her.]*

Bar. Oh, intolerable! I'll ne'er complain of a fool again, for fear of being plagued with a worse; shew a room there.

Draw. Sir, if you please, Purser Indent is this way. *[They follow.]*

Enter MIZEN.

Miz. Thou divine, pretty bud of beauty, one always finds you in your cabin, chalking upon your logboard there.

Bar. If every body would but mind their own business, I might sit still here; but we have so many horsing monsters of the navy use our house, that one had better be a punk amongst footmen, and ply in the upper gallery, than be plagued with them.

Miz. Well, you shall see in a few months, how the navy will be reformed; all the sea-officers will be so full of manners, that they shall look like a parcel of beaux in a side-box, or chocolate-house.

[A noise within.]

Bar. Do but listen, they are got to horse and bear, the constant diversion of their lives.

Miz. Indeed I blush for them, my dear angel. *[Kisses her.]*

Enter ROVEWELL and WORTHY.

Wor. Ha! brother tar, what so close, and in pub-

lic too! If you take this freedom in the eye of the world, what would you do in private?

Bar. I don't know what he may do in private; but I hope you don't suspect me, captain.

Wor. Not in the least, dear Nanny; thy known virtue, and prudent management, is somewhat above the censure of the world.

Bar. Oh, your servant, sir.

Rove. 'Tis a strange thing to see how vice loves to be flattered! There's scarce a punk in town, be she never so notorious, but would fain be thought virtuous: and hates to be called whore, even from the fellow that made her so.

Bar. I never expect your good word, Mr. Rove-well; I have denied you the favour too often.

Rove. Why, I may have asked you the question when drunk; but assure yourself I repented of it when sober.

Bar. Lord, you need not be angry with yourself for it; I have denied several admirals.

Rove. And at the same time have taken up with their cockswains.

Bar. Sir, you grow scurrilous.—Shew a room there.

Wor. Mind him not, he's a splenetic fellow; has my lieutenant, Sir Charles Pleasant, been here?

Bar. He's now in the house with Lieutenant Crib-bidge, Easy, and Purser Indent.

Wor. Come, we'll join companies, they're all honest fellows.

Miz. With all my heart; if they're brutish, I'll try to reform them.

Draw. This way, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

2d Draw. A sneaker of punch in the Crown, score.

3d Draw. A can of small beer, a quart of brandy, and a pound of sugar in the kitchen, score.

4th Draw. A box of dice for the Mermaid.

1st Draw. Make the great bowl full for the gentlemen in the Fleecer.

Bar. So, it begins to work in each room, and I must be plagued this whole night. [*Scene shuts.*]

Enter BELINDA and ADVOCATE.

Bel. I used to be troubled with the impertinent visits of Rovewell three or four times a day. Pr'y-thee, Advocate, what's become of the coxcomb?

Ad. Oh! madam, the Virginia fleet's come in; and Captain Worthy, his old acquaintance, is on shore. They are inseparable friends.

Bel. Why then I hate him: for if he won't sacrifice his all to my humour, I'll ne'er part with the freedom I enjoy, to be that dull insipid thing a wife, to please his humour.

Ad. Well, madam, you play with him as a cat plays with a mouse; you fret and tease him till he'll get away from you at last.

Bel. Impertinent creature! do you think I value the loss of a fellow? The red, the blue, and the white flags die for me.

Dij

Ad. Ay, madam, they are married men; but have you a gentleman, whose sense, whose reputation, whose courage, is to be named in a day with that charming man's, Mr. Rovewell?

Bel. How insipidly the fool talks! If a fellow without a nose should bribe thee as much as Rovewell has done, you would say as much in his behalf. Why should we make such unfaithful creatures as our chambermaids are our confidants!

Ad. Why, madam, there's no posts without perquisites; since you ladies have found out the way of trucking your old clothes for china (which was our due time out of mind), I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your hearts away for a much brittler ware.

Bel. Ay, Advocate, I should like that brittle ware, a husband, well enough, if one could but break him, or give him away, as one does china.

Ad. Oh, madam, 'tis easy to break his heart; and if you don't do it effectually whene'er you marry, I'll be content to die a chambermaid. But see, madam, the Fair Quaker is come to visit you.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. Friend Belinda, I am come resolved to chat away the evening with thee.

Bel. My pretty saint, thou'rt welcome. I need not ask you how Worthy does, I see it in your eyes; the demure aspect is vanished, and you begin to look like one of us.

Dor. Why, I am flesh and blood as well as thou

art ; and did not my spirit get the better of my clay,
I should be as vain as thou art.

Bel. Come, leave canting, and tell me where is my
Arabella ?

Dor. Why, I left her at home not well ; but may
be she may see us anon.—Know, friend Belinda, that
I have at last got faith enough to put my trust in
man : Worthy and I have plighted troths.

Bel. Why then the flesh has got the better of the
spirit.

Dor. If thou wouldst prove a friend indeed, thou
must give thyself over unto Rovewell.

Bel. So, because you have done a foolish thing, I
must keep you in countenance ; no truly, I'll be con-
fined to none of your fellows.

Dor. Come, dissemble not ; you know the man is
assuredly thy own.

Bel. Why, is it not better to say the fellow's mine,
than I his ?

Dor. For thee it may be better ; but what thinkest
thou the world will say ?

Bel. Why, not worse of me than I say of the world.
But to keep thee no longer in suspense, I won't make
a vow of chastity, nor will I forswear having the fel-
low Rovewell : I don't know but one time or ano-
ther, when I am in a very maggotty humour, I may
marry the creature. Come into my closet, and I'll
tell thee more of my mind. [Exeunt.

Ad. It is impossible to tell, whether this mistress of

mine will ever have Rovewell or not; but since he pays me well, I'll tease and wheedle in his behalf; and if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern husband. Well, if I could get a lover upon the first popping of the question, to fly into his arms, and so good-night maidenhead. It shews a wonderful folly in mankind to whine and snivel after these coy peevish things. Bless me! if they knew the way into a lady's heart so well as I do, there would be no sighing and ogling, no presents or serenading, no dying at a lady's feet: let them take the shortest way with the dissenters, and the business is done. [*The bell rings.*] Coming, coming. [*Exit.*]

Enter JENNY PRIVATE and a Sailor.

Jen. So, I think I am equipt like one of the righteous; I am overjoyed at the intrigue, and shall be pleased to see myself a real captain's lady; I am sure I have been a sham one to many of them. Let me see, my letter is penn'd in a true canting form: my name is Dorcas Zeal, and my fortune ten thousand pounds. Well, if I do not act the babe of grace, the formal quaking saint, with as much outside sanctity as a new-entered nun, or an old mother abbess, I'll be content to truss up like James Nailor.—Here, sailor, carry this to Captain Mizen; then follow Captain Worthy's orders.

Sail. Ay, friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look out sharp. [*Exit.*]

Jen. Now to the place of rendezvous;
And there, with look demure, I'll pass for saint:
No such fair colour as religious paint. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Draws and discovers ROVEWELL, WORTHY, MIZEN, Sir CHARLES PLEASANT, EASY, and Purser INDENT.—A bowl of punch.

Rove. Come, her majesty's health in a bumper, and may she live for ever.

Wor. And may all her subjects be as true to her as we are.

Miz. May they all take as much pains to put her affairs, civil and military, into as good order as I do. May I be hoisted over a ship's side, with a tackle hooked to a running bowling, with a knot under my left ear, if I don't make her navy one of the greatest navies in the universe.

Plea. Why, sir, 'tis that already.

Miz. Ay, but Sir Charles, I don't mean a fighting navy, for that's the least part of our business; I am for a polite navy;—that is, a navy full of sense and good manners; a navy of proper, handsome, well-drest fellows; that when it appears aboard, may be the wonder of the world, for glittering, shining coats, powdered wigs, snuff-boxes, and fashionable airs.

Easy. So then, sir, you are for saluting away the queen's powder.

Crib. No, he's for turning the gun-powder into sweet powder, and the iron-balls into wash balls.

Miz. Well, gentlemen, you'll have no cause to complain at my design.

Rove. Why, if thou shouldst offer this to an old captain of the navy, he'd bring thee to a court martial, and break thee for being crazy.

Miz. Oh, sir, before I laid my design at the parliament-door, I'd get an order from the admiralty to send all the tar-captains to the West-Indies.

Easy. What then, sir?

Miz. Why then, sir, they would lay down their commissions, and so the navy would be rid of them.

Crib. That last intention I like wonderfully; then we young fellows might have hopes of jumping into fifty-gun ships.

Rove. But, Mizen, I have been thinking if the old captains will not go to the West-Indies; pray, who shall we get to go.

Miz. Why, these young fellows.

Plea. Ay, with all our hearts, faith: but suppose the lot should fall upon yourself, captain?

Miz. Oh, there's no fear of that; I know where to fix a present to somebody, that shall be nameless, to keep me off the list.

Wor. Indeed, that is prudent management; I know men of the party, who quit when they're nominated; but soon after, by the help of friends and merits, they get better ships.

Miz. You may think it friendship if you please;

but there's nothing done in this world without money.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Is Captain Mizen here?

Miz. I am he, friend; what want you, sir?

Sail. Why, here's a ticket for you.

Miz. Ha!—Dorcas Zeal! Oh, ecstasy! Oh, transport! [*Reads.*] “Friend, I am informed thou hast a liking to my person; my neighbour hath informed me thou art a sober, good man. I am now walking towards Deal castle, where, if thy pretensions are sincere, we will consult about the matter thy friend spoke to me of this day. I should not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that passing by me at thy first landing, I beheld thy comely person, and liked it; and therefore used this plainness with thee, as becometh a sister of that congregation that hateth ceremonies. Be secret, for Worthy is thy rival, but his pretensions will prove vain; for my heart is thine.”

DORCAS ZEAL.”

Miz. Oh, thou dear creature!—But, hush! no transports before arrival. Poor Worthy, how thy weak foundation totters! how sneakingly would the poor mortal look, if he saw this letter! Well, Dorcas has seen me, and I shot her with a side glance. What a refined creature is a sweet beau, to a homely coarse tar; to carry off the prize at one single attack, which that dull rogue has been laying a whole year's

siege to? But, come, gentlemen, about with the glass. Here, Worthy, here's thy mistress's health.

Wor. I thank you, sir.

Miz. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown fair. Here's honest Rovewell has made me a small piece of a confidant in thy amour. Well, old boy, when the consummation-day comes with thy sanctified bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane stocking—and to her health. [*Drinks.*]

Rove. Here's a dog! [*Aside.*]

Wor. Well, Mizen, to resume thy compliment, when that happy day does come, I'll bespeak thee for a bride-man.

Miz. Nay, that will be too great an honour. But, cry ye mercy, gentlemen, I have a small affair to dispatch, I must be forced to borrow myself from your company; but upon my honour, I'll return again in a very few moments. [*Exit.*]

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! the rogue swallows the bait as we could wish.

Plea. What, some ridiculous intrigue on foot: pray let us join with you in your mirth.

Crib. Nothing diverts so much, as using a coxcomb according to his deserts.

Easy. And so exquisite a coxcomb as this cann't be used too ill.

Rove. Why, the design is pretty severe; he is gone to marry Jenny Private, an old quondam punk.

Ind. This will be a noble revenge for his imper-

tinence: oh, lieutenant! would we could clap such a trick upon our brute of a commodore.

Rove. Ay, that may be done; I have just such another blind bargain for him too.

Wor. Come, to your good success: the marrying these two coxcombs may provoke them to hang themselves, which will be a meritorious service to the navy.

Plea. Oh, for a vacancy, that dear delight to us young fellows: ha, Cribbidge!

Crib. Ay, the two ships would serve us nicely.

Easy. Then we should have commissions to wet.

Rove. So, the bowl sucks; empty is the word.

Ind. Pray, gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this bowl.

All. Oh, by no means, purser.

Ind. Pray, gentlemen, let it be so. Come, Captain Worthy, I may be your purser one time or other.

Wor. Why, if you should, it won't be much to your advantage; for I ne'er allow my purser to oppress the men; nor will I keep a whole ship's crew miserable, to make one man rich.

Ind. Oh, sir, I don't desire that, sir; but you are so fine a gentleman, sir, that you won't hinder me from those common perquisites allowed to all pursers.

Plea. The word perquisite comprehends a great deal of roguery; and under that notion the government is sufficiently cheated.

Ind. Ay, sir; but all people have regard to the methods of the navy.

Wor. Why, yes, purser, I own you may plead custom for the abundance of villanies committed in the navy; but we have now got men of honour at the helm, who will not suffer rogues to go unpunished.

Crib. It has been the method to let a stinking butt of beer stand six days a-broach; and when complaint has been made, the captain (who should do the sailors justice) punishes the complaining rascal for mutiny.

Plea. It has been the method for cooks, with pitch-forks sharp, to squeeze the fat from out the meat, for fear the grease should rise in poor Jack Sailors' stomachs.

Easy. It has been the method to waste a pound to ounces ten which makes the bread, the butter, and the cheese, a poor allowance for those hard-working men.

Rove. In short, what with chest-money, hospitals, slops, two-pences, groats, and mulcts, they are mere galley-slaves.

Plea. The captain uses them like dogs, which forces them to run away; the chequering clerk puts on the R. and then the purser loads their pay with slops they never had, and so cheats the queen and subjects too.

Ind. Why, you may rail at these proceedings; but when you stand the captain and the purser too, you'll often wish to be indenting; half money, and half stores, have tempted most of you.

Wor. Come, no more; since we have discovered you, I hope you'll let us pay our clubs.

Ind. No, faith, gentlemen, I'll treat you for all this. You mighty pretenders to honour are not much unlike whores, who rail at that which they most commonly practise.

Rove. Come, Worthy, we must away. Sir Charles, your company is desired too; we must spend this evening at Belinda's. But stay, Cribbidge, I must have one private whisper with thee by the way. Revenge is the word, and I must engage thee in the plot.

Crib. Ay, most willingly, in such a cause.

Rove. If we succeed in this farce, it will be a most noble revenge.

For brutes and fools were only made for sport;

Nothing is like a coxcomb to divert:

They cure the spleen, and make the toils of life

An easy burthen, and a pleasing strife. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter JENNY PRIVATE.

Jenny.

SURE the sailor has mistook, and given my letter to a wrong person. My heart goes pit-a-pat, for fear I should not succeed. But see, he comes!

Enter MIZEN.

Miz. So, that must be my Quaker, by her sanctified air—Madam, madam—

E

Jen. Would you ought with me, friend?

Miz. Only to desire the favour of you to give me leave to throw myself at your feet. My name is Mizzen; I came hither by appointment from your fair hands—She is very beautiful! board me else. [*Aside.*

Jen. If thy sincerity is answerable to the character my friend has given me of thee, I am content, according to his desire, to be thy help-mate.

Miz. Well, old Scruple is a prevailing rogue, and deserves the fifty guineas, pos. [*Aside.*] Oh, my charmer! I have been long sighing and wishing for this opportunity, and hope you'll now give me leave to make the best of my time.

Jen. Will you change your vain religion then? Will you stand fast to the faith? In perseverance, will you come over to the congregation of the upright? Will you put off these gaudy clothes, those vanity of vanities?

Miz. Yea, verily, I will put off my gaudiness; I will strip myself to the nakedness of the spirit.

Jen. Why, then thou hast overcome me; and verily I will be thine in a few months.

Miz. Oh, thou lovely lamb, set not so terrible a time! the spirit moveth me to make thee flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone, before the sun shineth again.

Jen. I have some fears upon me, that thy eagerness to my person, may proceed from a desire thou hast to my money.

Miz. Why, I say thy fears are uncharitable; for

My dear friend, I have just received your letter of the 15th.

I have been thinking of you very much since I received it. I am glad to hear that you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me. I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me. I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me.

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Why, I say, my dear friend, I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me. I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me. I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me. I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me. I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me.

BRIT. THEAT.



FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.
JEN. — I AM CONTENT ACCORDING TO HIS
DESIRE TO BE THY HELPMATE.

ACT. III

hadst thou nothing, nor that neither, my zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

Jen. Then I am satisfied; and, accordingly, here is my hand.

Miz. Why, I am transported to the highest ecstasies! Look ye, my boat waiteth on the beach for me; if thy yearnings are great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thyself upon the deep along with me. I have on board my ship a man called a chaplain, which, according to our establishment, will link us together——Turn me keel upwards, if ever I carried on an intrigue better in my life. [*Aside.*]

Jen. Well, thou art a powerful man, and I submit myself unto thee; but can help thee to one of thy priests on shore——Admirably well managed! [*Aside.*]

Miz. Come, my spirit, my light, my light of my light, and——humph——Let us go then.

[*Exeunt, hugging her.*]

Enter ROVEWELL, WORTHY, and Sir CHARLES PLEASANT.

Wor. So, off goes the boat, and there's a punk provided for.

Plea. Merry be his heart. This will put such a damp upon his undertakings, that we shall be troubled no more with his nonsensical whimsies about reforming the navy.

Rove. I wish all our friends were as well provided for as Jenny.

Wor. Why, faith, so do I; for when I enter the sa-

cred bonds, I'll give a receipt in full to lewdness, shake hands with vice, and bid adieu to immorality.

Rove. And I am resolved to make the best of husbands.

Plea. These are pious designs truly. I begin myself to be out of conceit with wickedness; and could I but succeed in my amour with Arabella, I should willingly bid adieu to all the frail part of mortality. But she has used me so unmercifully, that I quite despair of success.

Wor. Pr'ythee, Sir Charles, matters are not gone so far as to throw thee into desperation.

Rove. Let me alone to make up the match. Sir Charles, 'tis a pretty play-thing in time of peace, which, if some care is not taken, these victorious generals of ours will bring it to; and a sea-lieutenant, with only half a crown a day, will never agree with your quality.

Plea. I am wholly at your devotion.

Rove. Come on, then; let us to Belinda's, where we shall see her.

Wor. I fear her late disappointment will hinder her from appearing abroad this evening. 'Tis only Belinda has interest enough to bring her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CRIBBIDGE, EASY, and JILTUP.

Jilt. My dear puppies, if you make me a captain's lady, my husband shall hang himself, that there may be a vacancy for one of you.

Crib. Why, you must make use of all your cunning

to draw him into the noose. Get him but to the word parson, and I, like his evil genius, will appear to him. You won't be the only jilt married to a sea-captain this day.

Jilt. How say you?

Easy. Why, Mrs. Jenny Private, through the intrigues, instigations, and temptations of Beau Mizen, is gone on board his ship, in order to be his lawful spouse.

Jilt. Od's my life, my cousin Jenny! If such common strumpets as she meet with such good luck, what must a woman of my known virtue and modest conversation expect?

Crib. Why, then you make degrees in whoring?

Jilt. Oh, ever! She that is a bastard-bearing whore is the most notorious; she that lies with half the town, and does it privately, is a prudent whore; she that gets money by it, is a mercenary whore; she that does it generously and bare-fac'd, is a whore of honour.

Crib. Very nice distinctions, truly!

Easy. I wonder, since you are so numerous a body of people, you don't get a charter; it will raise a considerable tax to the government; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great men's keeping you.

Jilt. Why, really, settlements are very comfortable things; and our gentry, how sneaking soever they are to their creditors, are most generous to our faculty.

Crib. Come, toss up a bowl of the best, to enable us to go through with this great work. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARABELLA and Justice SCRUPLE.

Scrup. I am somewhat troubled your sister is gone abroad, because I had a business to impart to her of very great consequence.

Ara. If you please to leave your affairs to me, I'll acquaint her with them.

Scrup. Why, upon second thoughts, you might do my business as well as she.

Ara. Suppose it, sir. What is it?

Scrup. Why, there is a friend of mine, who is what the world calleth a fine gentleman; he is endowed with a plentiful estate, and is captain of a good sixty-gun ship; has interest enough to get a good station; has spoke to me to recommend him to your sister. Now, I have considered, that you, being of his religion, may suit better with his temper than your sister.

Ara. His name, his name, sir.

Scrup. Why, people call him Captain Mizen.

Ara. Oh, I have heard of the finical coxcomb! You have lost your labour with me, sir; and therefore, pray, keep him for my sister.

Scrup. Verily, if her sister answereth me so, it's probable I may lose my five hundred guineas which the captain has promised me for making up the match. I will in the morning take her fasting, which

I believe to be the best time to try a woman's inclinations. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Enter ARABELLA's Maid.

Ara. So, the old rascal's gone. These psalm-singing match-makers are worse than your irreligious bawds; for the latter only betray our maidenheads and our reputations, when these religious rogues are for betraying our fortunes, our freedoms, our pleasures, our every thing.

Maid. Ay; but, madam, to be settled in the world is what we all aim at, and marriage is honourable.

Ara. So was the knighthood formerly; but now they both grow odious—Have you wrote those letters I gave you to copy?

Maid. I have, madam, and here they are.

Ara. You'll get somebody to deliver this packet to my sister while she's at Belinda's?

Maid. Yes, madam, I have a small Mercury already prepared for it.

Ara. Well; and this letter, in which I have so well counterfeited my brother's hand, that my sister will ne'er discover it—

Maid. But can you hope, madam, by this intrigue to make Captain Worthy yours?

Ara. No, fool; nor were he dying at my feet would I receive him. My design is to make my sister hate him; nothing this world calls dear can equal the pleasure of seeing him ill used by her.

Maid. I fear, madam, 'twill be past your skill to break the lover's knot that rivets them together.

Ara. Fear not, girl; my sister's zeal will overwhelm her carnal passion; and our story is so plausible, she can't but believe it.

Maid. I wish all may prove as you design it. I'm wholly disposed to follow whatever your commands are pleased to lay upon me.

Ara. Send the letter to my sister by a hand you dare trust, and then come into my chamber.

Maid. I'll instantly about it, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers FLIP, Cockswain, and six Sailors.

Flip. Sirrah, don't you flinch your ladle; he that will do that, will run down into the hold in an engagement, or say his prayers in a storm.

1 Sail. Why, I am married, sir, and must lie with my wife to-night, which I have not done this eighteen months.

Flip. You rogue, can't you get drunk first, and lie with her afterwards?

1 Sail. Ay, sir, but my ill quality is, when I get drunk, I beat my wife immoderately, and kick her out of doors; which I would not willingly do the first night.

Flip. Oh! I'll save you the trouble of that, hell-

bird, you shall go on board to-night, and sha'n't see your wife these two months.

1 *Sail.* Oh! then, sir, I'll be drunk with all my heart.

Flip. Come; confusion to all the fops and cox-combs of the navy! When I am at the helm, I'll root the rogues from thence: as for you, cockswain, I'll make you captain, and all the boat's crew shall be lieutenants.

2 *Sail.* Look'e, I'll be no lieutenant; I'll be captain the first stroke.

Flip. Why, what pretensiveness have you to it, sirrah?

2 *Sail.* My pretensiveness to it is, sir, that I was rated able, when your worship was ordinary.

Flip. That's no rule, sirrah, for at that rate I should be king of the seas now, for I was a midshipman, when some that shall be nameless were swabbers of the upper-gun deck.

3 *Sail.* And I could say my compass, reef, hand, and splice, when ne'er a commission-officer in our ship could tell starboard from larboard.

4 *Sail.* I wonder your honourable worship, being so notorious a man with the ambralty, don't get captain of the sufferans.

5 *Sail.* And I likewise wonder your worshipful honour don't get to be knighted.

6 *Sail.* 'Tis a wonderful thing, that, Jack, to have the queen's majesty's honour clap a cutlash upon a man's skull, and bid him rise up sir any thing.

Flip. Look'e, rogues, the design is very good, and 'tis a gracious piece of preferment; but it has puffed up so many of our sea-coxcombs, that their pride and vanity will ruin the credit of the navy. But here's to you, cockswain. [*Drinks.*] Fill it up, sirrah.

Cock. I am almost drunk, an like your honour; another cup will make me clap the ship on board to windward.

Flip. Why then, sirrah, I'll clap you in the bilboes to leeward.

Cock. So, now the storm begins to rise.

2 Sail. To be free with your right reverend worship's honour and glory, I must tell you, being you and I were afore the mast together, it would look as it were something clever of your honourableness to throw three things overboard.

Flip. Why, what are those things, sirrah?

2 Sail. The boatswain, the purser, and the bilboes.

All Sail. Ay, overboard with them, i'faith.

Flip. What! do you mutiny, ye dogs? Don't you know there's a court-martial, and that I am presidentum.

Cock. I was sure these rogues would bring themselves into a prim-in-iron.

2 Sail. Why, most worthy captain, and my mess-mate that was, look'e, we have no design of mutinying, but only by way of telling our grievances to your grace's honour, and so my humbleness to you.

[*Drinks.*]

Flip. Well, well, to shew my natural goodness to

you all, give me good reasons for throwing over-board the bilboes; I begin at the latter end of your propositions, because I intend to ask them all gradually; and so, sirrah, here's to you. [*Drinks.*]

3 *Sail.* Thank your monstrosity: the bilboes, an't like your wonderfulness, is a great stumbling-block in the way of a sailor's agility; to have our heels land-lock'd when we have sea-room enough, is worse than to run ashore where there's no land.

All Sail. Oh! worse by half.

Flip. Come, no more of your nonsensicalness; but get drunk as fast as you can.

Enter INDENT.

Ind. Sir, a word with you. [*They go aside.*]

Cock. Ah——when the captain and purser whisper, our guts ought to grumble.

6 *Sail.* Ay, cockswain, those whisperations are many an ounce of butter and cheese out of our way.

3 *Sail.* Ayl and a great deal of beer too: but my service to you, mess-mate.

Flip. Why, I designed to go and see her this evening. [*To Indent.*]

Ind. As I pass'd by the door, she told me she was impatient to see you, for you was the handsomest man in the navy, and the best-natured captain in the whole fleet.

Flip. Why, I believe the jade does love me, therefore you and I will go to supper with her; but first I'll make all the boat's crew drunk, according to an-

cient custom. Come, rogues, clap the bucket to your mouths, and don't stand sipping out of a bowl that don't hold above a pint.

Cock. Well, if we must all be drunk, we must, and so down let it go. Here's to you——If every man stows as much of it as I did in those half dozen gulps, I'll pawn my call on't it won't come round again.

Flip. So, I am in stout heart enough now to venture an engagement with this virgin frigate; and so come along with me. [*Exeunt Flip and Purser.*]

6 *Sail.* Well, now we have got rid of the rum duke, being in a very merry humour, let us put it to the vote whether we shall beat the mayor and corporation, and drown the constable; or shall we ravish all the women we meet with, and unwindow the houses?

5 *Sail.* Let us ravish first.

3 *Sail.* No, no, ravish afterwards; for I have as much courage before ravishment as any body; but afterwards I'm as cowardly as a Dutchman that has drank no brandy.

Cock. Hark'e, my lads, I'd have you take care who you ravish; for a great many women in this town don't love to be boarded by force, they will fight you broadside and broadside, and yard-arm and yard-arm, till they sink you; and you may fire as many great guns betwixt wind and water before you make any one of them leaky. Besides, I don't care to attack a fire-ship of better force than any frigate in our squadron; for if they once come to lash you fast

to them, you are blow'd up in spite of the ambralty. I will therefore lie down for an hour or two; call me when the captain's ready to go.

3 *Sail.* Why, do you think to be left out of the plot? No, no, Mr. Cockswain, you shall go along with us, or else we'll ravish you.

All Sail. Ay, ay, force him along. [*They haul him.*

Cock. Why, rogues, an't I captain of the boat?

4 *Sail.* If you were captain of the ship, we should use you as we do now; for we have no dispect of persons.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or if he was ambaral we should make no difference; for all that there is between an ambaral and a sailor is, a stout sailor will fire ten guns to an ambaral's one.

Cock. Well, well, unhand me, if I must go, I must; but I am very much mistaken, if we are catch'd a-doing a mischief by the justices, if they don't clap us into the wooden bilboes.

4 *Sail.* Why, to get the better of that prehension of yours, the first thing we'll go about shall be to pull the stocks up by the roots, launch them into the sea, and let the Goodwin sand be better for them.

All Sail. Done, done, come away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ROVEWELL, WORTHY, Sir CHARLES PLEASANT, BELINDA, and DORCAS.

Rovewell.

I AM sorry Arabella comes not; 'tis a disappointment to Sir Charles.

Plea. Methinks I do look a little awkward amongst you billing turtles; I am not a fit companion for lovers.

Bel. I can't imagine what you mean by lovers; my friend the Quaker here has indeed shewn a little foolish fondness for Captain Worthy, but I hope you have suspected no such thing from any action of mine.

Dor. Why, friend Belinda, art thou not ashamed to dissemble so? I must tell thee, my conscience will not let me do it; if thou dost not shew a great deal of kindness to Rovewell forthwith, I will discover what pass'd in thy closet between us just now.

Rove. Oh! tell me but that, and I'll adore thee; give me but a cause to laugh at her impertinent weakness, and I shall be happy.

Bel. How dare you offer at this insolence! Have you any pretensions to me, vain fellow?

Rove. Yes, I have, vain woman: if two years constant courtship, with an awful respect and adoration paid to you; if oaths, if vows, if sighs and tender ex-

pressions can give a man pretensions, I can justly claim them.

Bel. You might have put in your foolish presents too; your bawbles of China, your Indian umbrella, your hair-ring, and your own picture.

Rove. By Heavens! I'd give the world I could hate thee now: but, Belinda, there's something so bewitching in your form, that I still must love you; tho' ne'er so ill used, like a spaniel, I must fawn upon you.

Plea. Now, faith, Belinda, had I admired you an age, nay, had I thought you an angel, and been as much enamoured of you as 'twas possible for a coxcomb to be; I would, at this usage, marry your chamber-maid, that she might take place of you: I'd ridicule you in all companies, quarrel with, and cut the throat of any body that pretended courtship to you, and would make you die a maid in spite of your teeth.

Rove. Whilst I, like a good-natured fool, hug my chains, and think of no heaven but my Belinda.

Wor. For shame, proud creature, let not your vain folly get the better of your sense and reason; take to your arms the man you love. Come, I see good-nature in your eyes: thus I seize your hand, and am resolved to give it him who has your heart.

Bel. Pshaw, what insolence is this! Do you think I am to be forced?

Dor. No, no, there can be no force in the case; thou art a dissembler.

Plea. In short, if she refuses, we'll swear a contract, and make a forc'd marriage on't.

Bel. Had I not some inclination, your force and threats should never do. Here, Rovewell, take my hand; I hope for better usage from you than you have received from me.

Rove. Oh, my Belinda! one pleasing look makes amends for all my pains and agonies.

Dor. Ay, now it is as it should be.

Bel. I know, Rovewell, you'll forgive the folly of my sex, and put a favourable construction on what I've done.

Wor. There, there, kiss her hand eagerly; turn up the whites of your eyes, and fetch your breath very short, and leave her to imagine what you ought to say. To-morrow, one priest will join both couples; now let us spend the night in mirth; by this time Mizen has linked with our sham Quaker. With your leave, Belinda, we'll invite them hither.

Rove. 'Tis ten to one but the vanity of his imaginary conquest will bring him without an invitation.

Bel. Pray make my house your own.

Wor. Pardon, my dear creature, the freedom we have taken in using your name; but this coxcomb might have offered a violence we should have wished undone.

Rove. Belinda, I'll take the freedom of sending for our noble Commodore, and his lady too, who are by this time noosed; we'll first dance, then raise them to the height of mirth, and discover the plot.

Plea. It will be a most pleasant comedy.

Wor. Faith, I fear it will prove a tragedy to poor Mizen.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, this packet was left for you by a sailor. [*Gives it to Dorcas.*]

Dor. Ha!—To Mrs. Dorcas Zeal, and one enclosed to Worthy! Who can this be from? [*Reads.*] “I doubt not but you’ll wonder at the villanies of mankind, when I tell you that Worthy, whom you have thoughts of making your husband, is already married to me. I have two children by him. Give him the enclosed; if, after reading on’t, he dares deny it, the next post shall bring to his sight his much injur’d

ELIZABETH WORTHY.”

[*Dorcas swoons away.*]

Wor. Oh, Heavens, what ails my charmer! she’s cold as clay! run for some water, quick!

Bel. Surprising! [*They all hold her.*]

Dor. Oh, false man! Oh, cruel Worthy!

[*She swoons again.*]

Bel. Bless me, she faints again, and mutters something about you!

Wor. I am amazed!

Rove. So, she comes to herself again.

[*They set her in a chair.*]

Dor. Oh, read these lines, thou perjur’d man!

Wor. [*Reads the letter, and drops it again in a great surprise.*] What’s here? Another, and directed to

me! [*Reads.*] “Tho’ you have been guilty of many villanies, and used me ill, I never thought you would have dar’d to have marry’d another wife; but since I know you so well, I’ll appear at Deal, and tear your idol Quaker’s heart out. I am your much injur’d

ELIZABETH WORTHY.”

Sir Charles, feel me, have I life, am I awake, or do I dream? A dizziness overwhelms my brain, and darkness draws its sable curtains o’er my eyes!

Rove. What a plague means all this romantic stuff? have we got the method of poisoning by letter come into England at last?

Plea. Faith, I am afraid to take the letter up, for fear I should be transmogrified.

Bel. This sudden change is most surprising. Help, lead her to my chamber, a little sleep may bring her to herself again.

Dor. Lead me to death most willingly: horrors and despair will end my days.

[*Exeunt Dorcas, Belinda, and Servants.*]

Wor. Go, charming fair! I cann’t blame thee for this great concern. Death, hell, and devils! am I then at last become a villain! a despicable husband! a betrayer of weak virgins’ hearts!—Am I, from a man of honour, sunk to a degenerate slave!—By Heaven, I’m raging mad! What ill-boding spirit could owe me such a spite, and cross at once my full-blown joys?

Rove. Worthy, is the frolic to go round? Are we to be all mad? or must only you and the Quaker carry on the jest?

Wor. Oh, Rovewell, you have known me long, but never saw me in such agonies of grief before; read these, the cause of all my woes.

Rove. [*Takes up the letter, reads, and Pleasant over his shoulder.*] “Guilty——Villanies——another wife——at Deal——Quaker’s heart out. ELIZ. WORTHY.” An intrigue well carried on, i’faith. [*Reads the other letter.*] “I doubt not——wonder——of man——Worthy——your husband——two children——the enclosed——next post——to his sight. ELIZ. WORTHY.”

Plea. Why, this lady of yours writes very prettily, captain.

Rove. The woman has a pretty knack, faith; pr’y-thee, Worthy, are these two children of yours boys or girls? ha, ha, ha!

Wor. Hell and furies! am I become your scorn? Do you laugh at me?

Rove. Ay, faith, do we. Canst thou be concerned at the stratagem of a woman who loves thee? Look once more upon the scrawl, canst thou not guess whose hand it is?

Wor. Ha!——By this light it looks somewhat like Arabella’s! It must be hers. Fool that I was not to perceive it before; ’twas cunningly performed, I swear: I wonder my charming Quaker discovered it not! I’ll in, and undeceive her. [*Meets Belinda.*]

Bel. Make no noise, she’s in a slumber, which I hope will compose her.

Wor. Oh, Belinda! this is a trick of Arabella’s;

behold, see here the cunning penning of her envious fingers.

Bel. I wish the worst effects on't are past; for she has vow'd never to see you more: I'll watch her slumbers, and when she wakes, I'll tell her the story before her fits return.—Rovewell, you may now see when once our sex resolve to love, 'tis dangerous to disappoint us.

Rove. But 'tis hard, Belinda, that you should so soon believe that men are false; ten thousand letters ne'er could make me alter the rooted passion I have for you.

Bel. Oh! should you be told I am married to a man, who has had two children by me, you'd fly back from promises and vows, and cry, pox take her, she's a jilt.

Rove. So far from that, my soul, that I'd stab the inventor of such a story.

Bel. That would be very heroic, indeed; but come, let's comfort the poor captain here, who looks more dejected than a discarded minister.

Plea. Oh, worse than that, madam, he puts me in mind of an English captain taken by a French privateer.

Rove. 'Tis a dismal thing to be first boarded, then stript, and afterwards clapt into a French gaol.

Bel. In short, he looks as if he were married.

Plea. Right, madam, and his countenance shews full of a family concern.

Wor. How can you blame my surprise? Were you to see the fair Belinda, whom I know you love the best of any one on earth; were you, I say, to see her in tears and agonies for something you had done, nay, for something you had not done, some villanous imputation charged upon you, 'twou'd touch your heart as much as mine.

Rove. Why, faith, I have so good an opinion of Belinda, that I fancy she would give herself none of those airs if she heard I had twenty children.

Bel. Nay, more than that, had you twenty wives, I should keep my temper: care shall be taken in drawing the writings, so as I may not be the worse for you in my fortune; and if you will love a great many of my sex, it's probable I shall find out a way of making reprisals.

Plea. What's all this to my happiness? How am I to come by my Arabella?

Bel. Why, she's as easily come at as the rest of her sex.

Plea. But, madam, if she dotes on my captain, how can I expect she'll ever smile on me?

Wor. Oh! her love to me is vanish'd, if e'er she had any; this action of hers plainly shews her malice.

Bel. Come, I'll write her word what an heroic passion she has put Worthy into, and the fainting condition poor Dorcas lies in; I'll praise her for her well-invented stratagem, and then let her know Sir Charles is here.

Plea. Why, madam, do you think that will bring her?

Bel. Sir Charles, I have heard her say abundance of handsome things of you; I know she likes the word quality much, and would not care if on any terms she could be called her ladyship; for she is pleased with taking place: that, you must know, is the darling vanity of our sex.

Rove. You may set your heart at rest; you have a fairer prospect of marrying Arabella, than poor Worthy has for marrying her sister.

Bel. Come, tease him no more: I'll steal up to her, and convince her of the error she's in. Go into the parlour, there's cards. [*Exit.*

Rove. Come, what think you of ombre, or a pool at piquet.

Wor. I can do nothing with pleasure till I know how I am to be received by my dear charmer.

Plea. Come, pray divert these melancholy whimsies.

Rove. Why, if you don't go to cards, Sir Charles and I shall be very satirical upon you.

Wor. Nay, rather than you should play that game with me, I'll go to cards. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FLIP drunk, INDENT, and JILTUP.

Jilt. This was kind, indeed, my dear dog, to make me the first visit, when so many ladies in town die for you.

Flip. Why, you little hussy you, I think all the women in town look like swabs to you.

Ind. Indeed, madam, the commodore does often launch out in your praises.

Flip. Ay, and commendations too: why, I love you so well, that I could be your consort and your mess-mate for ever. When I die 'tis all your own; my houses, my land, my part in ships, and my every thing else come to you by will and deed.

Filt. Poor good-natured thing, how is it possible for me to return thy kindnesses? I have no land but my own body; take that into thy custody, and make the most on't.

Enter CRIBBIDGE in a Priest's Habit.

Flip. What have we here? a priest!

Filt. Oh, dear cousin Homily, I'm glad to see you.

Flip. Is this your cousin, my dear? You're welcome, as I may say.

Crib. Sir, I thank you. Cousin, I'm glad to see you; I come to stay with you some time; your doctor being gone to make interest for a bishopric, I am to officiate for him until his return.

Ind. Rarely acted i'faith, he looks much modester than most of our sea-chaplains.

Crib. Well, cousin, may I joy you? Have you entered into the holy state of matrimony yet?

Filt. No, cousin, I am willing to see a little more of the world first.

Crib. A parishioner of mine, that has seen you, seems to have a great mind to make you his wife:

he has a plentiful estate, with a fine house, in a pleasant part of Kent; he is of a very good family, and is a personal handsome man.

Flip. Hearn'e, sir, none of your match-making stories here: this lady is disposed of, and her inclinations are moor'd to my affections; and he that claps her aboard, must expect to be raked fore and aft with my partridge double and round.

Crib. Sir, I beg your pardon; if you are the lady's husband I have done, sir.

Flip. Look'e, sir, I am not at present the lady's husband, but if you understand that part of your trade, and will splice us together, I have a couple of guineas at your service.

Crib. Sir, if all parties are consenting, I shall not be a great while performing that ceremony.

Flip. Why all parties are consented, Reverendissimo.

Crib. Sir, if I have that from the lady's mouth, and you can get her a father to give her away, I shall proceed.

Flip. Oh, as to a father, here's the purser shall stand that part of the story. Tell him, my dear, how you love and adore me.

Jilt. I must say I have an unalterable affection for the Commodore; but if I should marry him, and he should not love me after it, I should be the miserablest creature nature ever form'd.

Flip. Not love you, my dear! why I'll stick as close to you as carv'd work to a ship's stern; nothing shall

be done by me without thy consent; you shall have the working of my vessel, and stand at the helm in all weathers.

Ind. Well, madam, since I am chose for your father, give me leave to know what's best for you; I'll engage the Commodore proves the tenderest husband in the navy.

Crib. Truly the gentleman hath the aspect of a man of parts.

Flip. Reverendissimo, I thank you for your good opinion of my outelects; and if you'll give yourself the trouble of coming on board my ship, you shall have your skull and guts fill'd so full of brandy and salt-beef, and your ears so alarmed with drums, trumpets, huzzas and guns, that you'll be as drunk in half an hour as you were at the wetting your commission.

Crib. Sir, people of my cloth never launch out beyond the rules of modesty.

Flip. I cann't say any thing to your shore-folks; but I am certain our sea-chaplains (generally speaking) are drunk as often as our sea-captains.

Crib. The more's the pity, that religion should be so abused by such profligates.

Ind. Why, indeed, the sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themselves, and such examples from their guides may be one great reason of so much immorality in the navy.

Flip. Come, my dear, let the doctor do his office, and belay our affair.

Filt. Well, you have overcome me.

Flip. So, very well; then begin Mr. Homily.

Filt. Oh, no, we shall be disturbed here, the next room is more private.

Flip. March away then. I am all over storeship and transport with thy dear person; come, I'll give you a tow, you are my prize now. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ARABELLA dressed like a Quaker, in Men's Clothes.

Arabella.

So, my plot succeeds as I could wish. Belinda's letter tells me all. Now must I take care to give my saint-like sister these credentials when she 'wakes. I think I look as like one of the pious brethren as if I had been educated by George Fox. [*Kneels.*]

Enter ADVOCATE.

Is Dorcas Zeal within this dwelling-place?

Ad. Yes, she is.

Ara. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would speak with her instantaneously?

Ad. If you'll walk in, I'll let my mistress know your message; but the lady is asleep.

Ara. Go, I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter again in the Parlour.

Ad. Sit down, while I acquaint my lady. [*Exit.*]

Ara. Now for a disguising look, that she may not know me.

Enter BELINDA.

Bel. My servant tells me you would speak with Dorcas Zeal.

Ara. Yea, verily, she hath told thee the truth.

Bel. She is laid down and indisposed, I am loth to disturb her.

Ara. Verily, I could wish thou couldst dispense with giving her some small disturbance: my business is very urgent; for behold my errand is from her brother, and concerneth her much, and we must be in private.

Bel. Then follow me.

Ara. So I will. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers DORCAS on a Couch. Re-enter BELINDA and ARABELLA.

Dor. How dreadful are the dreams of souls disturbed! Why was I so void of grace to trust to such a monster!

Bel. How does my dear? I feared we should have disturbed your rest; but this young man being very urgent to speak with you, I ventured to bring him up.

Dor. I am much better; but still troubled in mind.

Bel. Oh, as soon as you have dispatch'd your business, I'll set your mind to rights, I'll warrant you.
[*Exit.*]

Ara. May be not. [*Aside.*] Friend, thy brother did send this unto thee; when thou hast overlooked the contents thereof, thou wilt know my business here.

Dor. May be it contains something of that traitor Worthy.
[*Reads.*]

“BELOVED SISTER,
“The bearer hereof, being the son of Ananias, who was an upright member of the cause, I recommend unto thee for a help-mate. He hath two thousand pounds a year, and stiffly adherent to our ways of going; and I send him to thee in good season, that thou may'st be delivered from the wicked designs of the seducing married man Worthy. Thine, in truth and sincerity,
SHADRACH ZEAL.”

Dor. A comely youth, well worthy my good liking. Besides, how blest an occasion offereth to be revenged of an ungrateful man! [*Aside.*] Art thou, young man, the subject of this paper?

Ara. Yea, lovely maiden, I am the chosen man, selected by my friend and thy good brother to greet thee with a holy kiss, and tell thee I love thee, fair one.

Dor. Love me at first sight!—Have a care thou talk not in the language of the world, and play the deceiver; if thou dost, assure thyself I shall rebuke thee for it.

Ara. I have seen thee often before, verily.

Dor. Where didst thou see me?

Ara. In the great London city.

Dor. When there saw'st thou me?

Ara. At the last general assembly of the faithful, met at that season worldly men call Whitsuntide.

Dor. Yea, truly, our good brother Shadrach carried me up to that noisy town of pride and vanity, to greet our brethren friends at the last meeting. But if thou saw'st me there, how chanceth it, that in so long a silence thou hast stifled up the breathings of thy heart from the fifth month even to the ninth?

Ara. Oh! Dorcas, Dorcas,—ah—I saw and loved thee, but, alas! I check'd the moving spirit within. With my green years, methought I was too young to lead a sister.

Dor. Too young! Oh, fie! was that the fault! the younger the sporting lambs, they play more harmlessly: verily, the outward man thou bearest looketh with an honest face.

Ara. My inward man bears the same honest face too. [*Kisses Dorcas's hand.*] Deny me not thine hand.

Dor. Some such like agonies as these I felt from the first touches of the false Worthy.——

Ara. False indeed!—He is one of the profane, alien to our purer flock; and who can tell, were he thy chosen yoke-mate, but he'd force thee to one of his own steeple-houses; nay, and perhaps lead thee in vain toppings to a carnal seat in one of the sad play-houses?

Dor. [*Sighs.*] Ah!—

Ara. But I am, thou know'st, a lamb of thy own fold; me thou may'st mould to what thy own heart liketh: then let us not, like the vain babbling worldly ones, thus lose the precious time in foolish courtship; but let me forthwith wriggle myself into thy inward affections.

Dor. Yea, I do take thee, and, like a backslider who repenteth, I will, with pure zeal and fervency, turn unto thee.

Enter WORTHY, ROVEWELL, Sir CHARLES, and
BELINDA.

Wor. Oh, my dear creature, do I hold thee fast!

Ara. Friend, hast thou any pretensions to this woman, who is the wife of my bosom?

Dor. Stand off, vile man, thou with thy flattering tongue hadst almost betrayed me: but now I defy thee. Go to thy wife and children.

Wor. Furies and fire! I shall run distracted.

Ara. Friend, swear not at all.

Wor. What canting coxcomb's this, that dares usurp my right?

Ara. Thou may'st bluster as much as thou pleasest: but I tell unto thee, this woman is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.

Dor. Thou hast said the truth, and nothing but the truth; I say again and again begone to thy own wife.

Ara. Ay, go unto thy wife.

Wor. Rovewell, Sir Charles, Belinda, must I bear all this? Let me but keep my senses!

Bel. I am surprised at you!

Rove. behold, the letters you received were written by Arabella: see here, her very hand.

Ara. Friend, listen not to them, they are deceivers: let us depart from amongst them.

Plea. Look'e, young fellow, none of your impertinent cant here: this lady shall not stir 'till we have undeceived her.

Rove. And when we have done that, good sir, you may troop to the Bull and Mouth again, without this she-friend's money.

Dor. What power hast thou to hinder our departing hence?

Ara. Ay, friend, tell us that.

Rove. How can you be so cruel to a man, whose life's sole happiness is placed in you?

Dor. How can I be cruel enough to one, who would have for ever made me miserable?

Wor. Oh! would you but hear me justify myself, I soon would answer all this villanous forgery, and clear my wounded innocence and honour.

Ara. Friend, hear him not, he hath a vile deluding tongue.

Plea. Hark'e, young fellow, I have something to tell you.

Ara. Friend, I have nothing to say to thee; therefore touch me not, I say.

Dor. Pray, use no rudeness, but let us be gone quietly.

Plea. No struggling, good, sweet, diminutive coxcomb; if thou dost, I shall use the carnal weapon upon thee.

Ara. Begone, fellow.

[*In struggling her hat and wig fall off.*]

Bel. How! Arabella!—Then the plot's discovered!

Dor. [*Shrieks.*] How's this! my holy brother in the spirit, turned an arrant sister in the flesh!

Wor. Ha!—my old friend, this was a well-acted tragi-comedy.

Dor. I am in so much confusion and surprise, I know not what to say.

Ara. Now, sir, I suppose you'll let me go; I have no more business here.

Plea. This discovery will make me hold you faster than before.

Rove. Ay, madam, there's no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your usage.

Dor. Friend Worthy, canst thou forgive me, and once more take my hand?

Wor. Can I live! Not without thee, I'm sure! Oh, had you but once o'erlooked these lines, how had you saved me this wild distraction!

Plea. Look'e, madam, no struggling; you are now my prisoner; I shall not release you but upon very advantageous terms to myself.

Bel. Those terms, Sir Charles, let me have leave

to make. I know the gentlewoman's mind so well, that I dare give you her hand.

Ara. Upon what account, Belinda?

Bel. Why upon the account of being my Lady Pleasant. Pr'ythee don't put on a dissembling look; consent forthwith, or you shall die a maid. But first I'll reconcile you to this couple.

Dor. I forgive thee, sister, what excess of passion moved thee to; but if thou valuest me, accept of the man Pleasant for thy husband.

Ara. I am a little confounded; let me retire till I have recovered myself, I'll wait on you again.

[Is going.]

Dor. Stay, sister, husband that wouldst have been; one serious word before thou goest.

Ara. Ay, and two merry ones, if you please.

Dor. If I had taken thee hand in hand to the steeple-house yoke-maker, wouldst thou have had the impudence to have said after him; I, a false brother Ananias, take thee a true sister Dorcas, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish?—Thou love and cherish me! when thou knowest thyself a woman, and hadst it not in thee, naughty creature!

Ara. No, faith, sister, I should never have pushed the jest so far neither.

Dor. Go, go thy ways; thou art a sad facetious girl.

[Exit Arabella.]

Rove. Follow, Sir Charles, follow her; never let her go beyond thy reach, till thou hast her safe; and

we'll all go along with thee, to be ready for auxiliaries upon occasion.

Bel. Well, I'll take care the breeches shall be delivered, Sir Charles; this shall be the last hour of your wearing those masculine trophies of tyranny.

[*Exeunt all but Worthy and Dorcas.*]

Dor. Well, this malicious sister of ours had a strange plot against us; but, I hope, kind Worthy, thou canst heartily forgive her.

Wor. Ay, and thank the very hand that snatched thee from me, because it brings me the transporting joys of this blest restoration.

Enter FLIP, pulling in MIZEN, who holds JENNY PRIVATE in his other hand, dressed like a Quaker, exactly like DORCAS.

Flip. Now, pox on thee, come forwards with thy fair spouse; as thou hast snapt this rich galleon, and got the ten thousand pound cargo, never be ashamed of thy good fortune, but bear up full sail to him, and lay him athwart with her.

Miz. By my bowsprit, and so I will. Oh, the sweet pleasure of the mortification I shall give him.—Come forward, sweeting. [*Enter with her farther upon the Stage.*] My dear brother Worthy, thou seest I have made bold. We have signed and sealed, noble captain.

Wor. I see you have.

Flip. Ay, Bully Tar, they are twined together as strong as a first-rate cable.

Miz. Ha!——What's yonder! [*Spying the real Dorcas.*] Is that beautiful Quaker a relation of thine?

Jen. Yea, my dear sister and friend, I greet thee lovingly.

Dor. My sister! Pray, who art thou?

Jen. In my single estate I was called Dorcas Zeal; but in my wedlock bonds my name is Dorcas Mizen.

Dor. Dorcas and Zeal!——Who gave thee those names?

Jen. None of the vain ceremonies of godfathers and godmothers; no verily, it is a name I borrowed to myself, to make this dear man happy in a yoke-mate.

Miz. Borrowed! in the name of Lucifer.

Dor. Nay, in my clothing too! my very likeness.

Wor. I wish you joy, my happy rival!

Flip. Ay, joy, sir, joy in your ten thousand pound Quaker.

Miz. Ten thousand torments! Joy! never was man so cheated, so betrayed and ruined——Spouse, monster, fury, Jezabel, who art thou?

Jen. Shall I answer thee in the language of the sanctified?

Miz. No, answer me in thine own infernal dialect; and tell me, friend, whence camest thou?

Jen. From London, an't please you.

Miz. A woman of the town, I suppose, a walking night-bird, in or about Drury-Lane wards.

Jen. Yes, truly, one of that cloudy generation ; But, Heavens be thanked, those dark days are over with me, I shall shine out a captain's lady now.

Miz. Shine out a firebrand, brimstone and smoke ! a whore, a common strumpet !

Flip. Oh, fye, brother Mizen, no more hard words, but take her to thy bosom.

Miz. Take her to the devil.

Flip. I tell thee, Mizen, thou couldst not have picked out a wife so fit for thee, out of a whole regiment of doxies. Does she not own herself a piece of brittle ware ? and will so sweetly set off thy cabin with the rest of thy china !

Wor. Ay, Mizen, take the commodore's good counsel, and bear it all with patience ; thou art as quarrelsome as a game-cock at a looking-glass, and with as little reason for thy passion.

Miz. Not reason for my passion, when I'm tied to such a limb of hell !

Wor. No, not when thou hast deserved to be so tied !

Miz. Deserved !

Wor. Ay, sir, deserved. Didst not thou know my claim to this fair creature ? And with thy treacherous designs to play so poor a game, to invade my sacred right, art thou not justly punished ?

Dor. Yea, naughty man, thou hast thy just reward.

Miz. Ay, noble Worthy, I own myself a villain, and the hand of Heaven has reached me for it.

Flip. Hang thee, who pities thee. You wanted a

ten thousand pounder, and must set up downright buccaneer, and pirate for a wife; no prize but Worthy's Dorcas! now I have married a girl——

Wor. Thou married!

Flip. Ay, this very morning. But my fubbs-yacht pretends to no thousands; a pox of portions, I have yellow-bows enow (thanks to a harvest in her majesty's service) to make the white and red in the fair cheeks of an honest smiling bed-fellow look lovely, with neither paint nor patch.

Wor. Where is this white and red, with neither paint nor patch? Troth, Flip, thou keepest thy rustic humour still; to have taken a young bride, and be seen thus long out of her company, on the very nuptial morning, is not over modish, let me tell you.

Flip. Hang ceremonies. Look you, sir, the wench I have taken is a plain country pinnace, with no gay gildings, either at poop or stern; but her plain trim so neat, that at first sight, as she sailed by me, a puff of love sprung up so brisk a gale, that I immediately tacked round, and boarded her.

Wor. That is to say, you wedded her.

Flip. Right, sir; and when the job was done, I was obliged to put her in a little more modish rigging fit for the she-mate of a commodore; my landlady and she are gone together to the milliner's and the sempstress's, and so forth——but I expect them——see, here they are! Oh, my sweet spouse!

H

Enter JILTUP and CRIBBIDGE.

Wor. Joy, happy sir.

Miz. The like to you, fair bride!

Jilt. I thank you, gentlemen and ladies: thanks to the whole fair company. Ha!—my sweet cousin here! Dear Jenny— *[Embracing her.*

Flip. Her cousin, say you?

Jilt. Ay, my best dear, though I have the honour to be a commodore's lady, I must not grow proud, and forget my old friends and acquaintance. This young lady and I were bred up play-fellows together.

Flip. Not at her game, I hope.

Jilt. Oh! yes, sir; we were two such intimates, two such sworn friends, that our delights, our joys, our very lives were all wound up together.

Flip. Where, where, my pretty lady-bird, was thy acquaintance with that play-fellow?

Jilt. At London, sir.

Flip. What part of London?

Jilt. The neighbourhood of Covent-Garden.

Flip. Sink and Sodom!

Jilt. Both lodgers in one house; nay, and when either of us had room for a she-bedfellow, we were those loving fools, we always slept together.

Flip. Oh——

Jilt. This frank confession is, I hope, my virtue, not my fault: I have lived in a bad world, and played the hypocrite so long, that I am now quite weary on't; besides, you're a plain-dealing honest gentle-

man, and it would be barbarous to tell you lies upon your wedding-day. You frankly married me for better for worse, perform your vow then, and take me as you find me.

Flip. Take a succubus;—diseases, poxes, leprosy! Oh, fool! sot! dotard! lunatic!—Death! I'll run mad; turn the muzzle of a gun down in the powder-room, and blow myself up to the devil.

Wor. Hold, Flip, no treason!—Blow up her majesty's ship.

Flip. Blow the world up!

Miz. Ay, brother sufferer, married to two such miscreants, so hardened in their shame, they make it even their glory to proclaim it.—Oh, Worthy, if thou bearest a human soul, as basely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thyself must pity me.

Wor. I do pity thee, pity both of you; and to prove I do so, what will you say to me, if I release you, knock off your chains, and free you both from slavery?

Miz. What will we say!—We'll kneel to thee.

Flip. Worship thee.

Miz. Thou shalt command our lives, we'll fight for thee.

Flip. Hang for thee.

Miz. Drown for thee. [Kneeling.

Wor. No more of this romantic stuff. What will you do for these poor creatures?

Flip. Do for them!—Why, friend, I'll give a leg or an arm for composition.

Wor. A leg or an arm!—A haunch of common swine's flesh would do them twice the service. What bread will you give them, to take them off from their lewd lives, and make two honest women of them?

Flip. Troth, I'll give my boatswain's pay, settled for life upon her.

Wor. That shall satisfy. Say, girl, art thou contented.

Filt. So well contented, sir, that on my knees I'll thank you.

Flip. Sayest thou so, girl? Then, faith, I'll throw thee in one twenty brace of pounds to rig an honest house up of thy own, and roost no more in whores nests.

Wor. Well, sign this parchment, which entitles her to fifty pounds a year for life, and I'll release you.—And what says Mizen?

Miz. Faith, I'll treat my Jenny [*Pulls out a large rich purse.*] with this purse of gold, the weighty stowage of a fair hundred guineas, and give her the same settlement into the bargain.

Wor. Come, come, sign, sign them.—Now, gentlemen, in order to your deliverance, first, I must tell you both, these sweet wedlock-nooses were my handy work, your friend and servant Worthy, the head match-maker.

Flip. and Miz. Thou!

Wor. Not to ruin you, but reform you! And now for a safe cure to all fears and dangers, the reverend man in black that linked you both was only an honest

tar, your good friend Cribbidge in pious masquerade; and since there has been neither lawful matrimony nor consummation, the knot will soon be loosed.

Crib. You see, noble captain, I'm ready to serve you in all capacities.

Flip. I thought indeed the canonical rascal had a hanging look, somewhat like my lieutenant.

Miz. Ay, hang him, rogue, a halter would better become his neck for a collar, than a surcingle his whoreson hide for a girdle.

Wor. No murmurs, thou knowest how thou deservest it.

Miz. Touch my past shame no more, I'm a true penitent.

Wor. And for thee, Flip, I knew thee such a rake, that the least mad drunken fit would run thee headlong into irrevocable shame and ruin; and therefore, even for thy mere preservation, I put this innocent cheat upon thee, only to stand a warning sea-mark to thee against all future shipwrecks on this quicksand.

Flip. By Neptune, and by Mars, you are a brave fellow.

Wor. And, gentlemen, to sign your full redemption, these ladies shall seal articles of release.

Filt. The strongest you can ask, or law can bind; and since you have provided so handsomely for us, we are resolved to change our course of lives, and live honestly for the future. What thousands of

90 THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL; OR, *Act V.*
wretched creatures, like ourselves, would willingly——

The follies of their ill-spent lives recall,

Turn, and live honest, could they live at all.

Jen. Yes, female frailty first made them sinners, but from necessity they live and die so.

To their dark cells and midnight revels led,

Not from their thirst to man, but hunger for his bread.

Wor. Well, though I have made your purses smart a little, you see I have made you do some good in your generation, put a helping hand to two poor sinners' conversion.

Flip. Ay, and my own conversion too. Henceforward I'll keep such honest fellows as thee company, cast off my old, dull, rascally conversation, and learn good sense and manners.

Miz. Nay, dear Worthy, take one new convert more, for from this hour I'll play the effeminate fool no more, but bear the face of a man like thee, strip my fop-cabin of all my china baubles, toys for girls, and shew myself a true hero for my glorious queen.

Wor. Nay, now, dear gentlemen, you'll make me proud of this day's happy work.

Enter Sir CHARLES, and ARABELLA in her own Dress,
ROVEWELL and BELINDA.

Wor. Well, dear Sir Charles, how stand the affairs of love?

Plea. Faith, very well: generous Arabella has

hung out her white flag, and given her promise she'll seal the speedy articles of surrender.

Wor. Nay then, sir, we shall see you shine a conqueror.

Plea. When this fair hand has crowned me one.

Ara. Yes, Worthy, no more of my wild airs, no more mad frolics; as I have studied to plague thee, I'll play a soberer part, and study now——

[*Giving her hand to Sir Charles.*]

Plea. To bless the happiest of mankind.

Wor. But what says Rovewell?

Rove. What I am proud to say; Belinda's kind at last, and crowns my love.

Bel. Yes, Worthy, I have at last played the true woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

Wor. Well, ladies, since the whole preliminaries of the soft peace of love are all adjusted, what if, according to old laudable custom, we have a little music and a dance.

Plea. Nothing more *à-propos*.

Rove. Madam, you are my partner.

Dor. Oh, fie, friend Rovewell! the females of our congregation think it vanity of vanities.

Rove. Yes, in the country they may do't; but your London friends have all the gaiety imaginable; they sing, they dance, wear patches, and keep visiting-days.

Dor. Well, rather than spoil your mirth, I will walk about.

A DANCE.

After the Country Dance, enter a Servant.

Serv. Your cockswain and boat's crew, hearing you had got the music, desire they may present you with a little of their agility.

A DANCE of Sailors.

Dor. Well, dear Worthy, since I have heard the affected sanctity and friendly cant, not only from my sister Arabella, but even from that carnal vessel of pollution; to make our marriage-yoke more cheerful still, from this blessed hour I'll join thy holy worship.

Wor. Now I have all my utmost wish could ask.

Miz. Hold, Worthy, do not boast too proud a triumph in making this fair proselyte. Flip and I have there outdone you: you have only made a sister convert from one faith to another; but we have converted a fair brace of infidels, a work of reformation far beyond you.

Wor. Ay, there you have outdone me: and I think, gentlemen, you have set a good example for the world in general to follow.

*Oh! what a happy change this age would find,
In all the looser part of womankind,*

*Would all their cullies do as you have done,
And every fool, like you, reform but one.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the FAIR QUAKER.

FRIENDS, doth it please you that this trifle pass ?

Are you contented not to damn the ass ?

Or doth it to your wiser judgment seem

More fit this leading folly to condemn,

For fear of being charg'd with more of them ?

Sedately think, and let your equal zeal

Weigh both the public and his private weal.

First then, i' th' public name, debate it whether

Ye can subsist, keep life and soul together,

Without the privilege of coming hither.

If that you can spin out your life-long days,

Without the vanity of seeing plays,

Down with this scribbler's hopes, this house and all,

Let both these marts for lewdness, tumble, fall.

For, ah ! it cutteth, it provoketh passion,

To think you should indulge abomination.

But if you're harden'd, stung, as I may say,

With moral madness like tarantula,

That nothing else but noise and dance can cure you ;

Then pray encourage what you have before you,

For as these triflers now-a-days do write,

No mirth's more innocent than this to-night.

*Now, sirs, I come to plead our strippling's cause,
All the young fellow wants, is your applause.
Poet's a sounding, empty name,
Born on Parnassus' cliffs, he pants for fame;
Not ev'n your third night's bounty would content him,
If of the grand Sophies you should prevent him;
That word my skill in languages has lent him.
Nay, for my own sake I demand this grace,
Because with much constraint I've set my face,
To carry on a quaker's dull grimace:
And ill, my friends, you would reward my pains,
If I should suffer for his want of brains;
For where the luckless poet feels your hate,
The undistinguish'd players share your fate.*

Shadwell, Charles,

The fair quaker of deal

London 1791

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